Slow the sum not night is falling: In the darkness and the daw Twilight we see her spell eathralii Sweet, my lost love, where are y Rosy pate the planet Hasper Gilliers in the golden west And the wind, with drowny whisper, Luits the leafy world to rest.

Through the baunted woods of Arden Still some showly memory Leads me to this dim old garden, And the accent trysting tree; Far, faint sounds of water falling In the darkness and the dow, Seem like apprit voices calling: Sweet, my true love, where are you

Neath the dusky faurel closes
Lirks the old, mysterious gloom:
Still the wilderness of roses
Breaks in one great flush of bloom
At the feet of Arien towers—
Overruns the paraget,
Crowns the grim stone-gate with flower,
Wreathes the carven scutcheon, yet:

But, of all her antique glory.
One sweet memory is mine,
Like some half told fairy story.
Heard in summer days civine;
Ethelred, wi'd flower of Arden.
In the darkness and toe dow,
Mid this tim, spice-naunted garden,
All my thoughts turn back to you.

Here I held you to my bosom,
While the hoarded moments fled,
Plucked thy kisses from the alossom
Of your sweet lips, theired
Fair of face and gentle-heartes.
Blue eyes mixted o'er with tears,
Here we met, my love, and parted,
In those old impassioned years:

Vainiy I had sued, that morning,
For your hand, my Ethelred—
Half in just, and half in corning:
"She is her a child," they said;
"Dear," I whispered, "I am banished
To the lands beyond the sea.
Till the roses three have vanished
From the haunts of Arden Lea!"

Long the years have been, and lonely.
Since that twilight of the past;
Dearest I have loved you only,
And will love you till the last!
Though one day my heart was broken.
Where the laureis overlean
Yonder simple mural tokon:
"Ethel, aged Seventeen."

THE IMPENDING RUIN.

'Hattie, would you mind sitting in the nursery this evening? Willie has been fretful, Jane says, all day, and she thinks he is not well.

But Maude, shall you go if he is

'Pshaw! he is not sick. Jane is always fussy, only I shall feel easier if I know you are with him. Go! of course I shall go. I wouldn't miss this party for anything. It will be the one of the season, and my dress was made on purpose. Is it lovely? I was three whole days looking for this exact shade of rose color, and the lace is perfection! I have not dared ask what Madame gave for it! Then these new puffs are so becoming, and nothing suits my complexion like blush roses. Elsie, raise that bud about half an inch-so! and the beauty stood erect before the long glass, trifling with the full folds of her rich silk, and touching a fall of lace here and there to add to the effect of the costly toilette. Never did a perfectly fitting robe cover a more graceful figure, or an exquisite coiffure heighten the charms of a fairer face. The delicate features, soft, waving brown hair, large hazel eyes, and rich, beautiful complexion, each and all added charms. From the well-poised head to the tiny foot there

was beauty in all. I wish you would ever go out, Hattie,' was the next remark of this bright butterfly. 'You would be almost pretty if you would dress like other folks, and wear your hair in anything but those old maidy folds. What's the matter to-night? You are unusually grave,

even for you. 'Nothing more than I have already told you. I am afraid there is something wrong with Wilfred. He looks has borne before her time." de and haggard that it worries

'Do you really think him ill?' The wife's face grew a shade anxious too. 'Not exactly ill, but I'm sure some

thing is troubling him.' 'Oh, hard times! The old cry. I never asked papa for a cent when he did not tell me it was hard times, and yet he left us ten thousand dollars apiece, and there were seven of us, and mamma's thirds besides. It is always hard times with business men. I am sure Wilfred never denies me anything and if he were really in want of money, why, you know, I could do with less jewels and dresses, and there are other ways to save I suppose. But what's the use talking about it. You and I can do nothing! I think I have kept that carriage long enough. Elise, my hood and cloak. Good night, Hattie! Don't forget about Willie. Dear little man, I would go in and kiss him, only I'm afraid he will cry when I go away. Adieu!' and away she tripped, hum-ming a polka, as her light feet crossed

Hattie Farquar waited till she heard the hall door close, and then stepped across the entry to the nursery. The nurse sat before the fire rocking in her arms a lovely boy of about two sum-mers, whose flushed face and restless movements spoke of feverish illness. In a little crib another child a girl of four years of age was sleeping quietly.

'You can go to bed, Jane,' said Harriet, taking the child from the nurse's arms. 'I will stay here till Mrs. Farquar returns. Wilfred, darling, come to auntie.'

The child nestled down contentedly into the loving embrace, and for hours the aunt sas before the fire soothing

and caressing her little charge. It was long past midnight when she placed him now sleeping quietly in his little cradle, and went softly down to the sitting-room. To her surprise she found it occupied. Seated before the fire, his hands folded over his knees, his face clouded with gloomy thought, sat

the master of the house. introduce the inmates of this house to mind that,'
my readers. Wilfred and Harriet Far'Unless v quar were orphans, born in a'far western home, and early in life left with but a mere pittance for support. For a few years they struggled in their own

in a counting-house in the city of B— he left the west and accepted the new position. Hattie at the same time opened a small school in a village a few miles from her old home.

Fortune smiled upon Wilfred, or rather by his own industry, energy and application, he conquered the fickle dame, and rose in his station. From one clerkship to another he advanced steadily, and by close economy in his private expenditure, saved gradually, until at least the control of the control o until at last he was able to go into business for himself, in a modest way,

but still prosperously.

Then he married. Of his wife Harriet heard but little, save that she was beautiful and winning, and had ten thousand dollars. From the day when first he felt independent of work, Wil-fred had urged his sister to leave her school and come to him, but she pre-ferred her independence, and steadily refused all invitations until about a year after his marriage her brother was seized with a dangerous illness, and his wife wrote, imploring Harriet to come to her aid.

It was soon evident to the sister that her presence in her brother's house would be a great comfort, if not a necessity, and she yielded to the entreaties poured out upon her, gave up her school, and remained in B----

Maude Farquar was a beauty and a belle. Her childlike, winning manners, and clinging, affectionate disposition, made her a very sunbeam, and the idol of her husband's heart, but she was idle, too, as the sunbeam to which I have compared her. The petted darling of wealthy parents, she had never known a care in her life. A favorite in society, her husband's indulgence allowed all her gay desires full scope, and her home became a mere sleeping and boarding-house, where the servants ruled, and the mistress was a sort of transient inhabitant.

Into this confused household Hattie came with her quiet, orderly habits, and it was not long before the whole housekeeping cares glided into her hands. Maude was only too glad to be relieved of such drudgery, and gradually, nur-sery as well as household duties became Hattie's charge, while the mistress led the life of a careless, fashionable belle.

Upon her marriage Maude Farquar had placed the whole of her patrimony in the purchase of a handsome house, which Wilfred had settled upon herself. Of course the young husband's first outlay of furniture was a heavy one, and he soon found that it would tax his every resource to support his wife's extravagance in dress, jewels, and the thousand expenses of a belle. Weakly fond of her, looking upon her as a mere child, he said no word of cautien or warning until his affairs became so embarrassed that ruin stared him in the face. Then, too late, he made a few faint remonstrances that fell upon idle,

Softly, like a blessing, Hattie's hand fell upon her brother's bowed head as he sat before the fire musing of the past, and the dark future.

'Wilfred, are you ill?' He looked a moment into the kindly face, and said-

'Hattie, I am almost ruined?' 'I feared so,' she said gently, taking a seat by his side; 'this wasteful extravagance!"

'I have been wrong,' he answered, 'not to trust more to Maude. She has been always a petted plaything, and now-' he gave a low moan of pain, thinking of denying his darling and joy. Now she must learn to bear what many another as gay and careless

The house is hers, and the furniture, so she will not have to give those up, though how all this style can be kept up-

'It cannot! Oh, Wilfred, do not fall again into the same error. Let Maude know all, or she will but go on in the same path. Tell her frankly that you cannot afford this lavish expenditure. There is a tender, true heart under all this careless gayety. Give it a chance to work.'

'Tell Maude all!' he mused, and then there fell a long silence. The sweep of a silken skirt rushed across the hall, and he said suddenly, 'Hattie, how can I tell Maude that her extravagance has begared me?'

A low cry of pain caused brother and sister to look up. Standing in the door, in all the glitter and beauty of her rich dress, but with a face pale as ashes, Maude Farquar stood stunned by

ker husband's words. For an instant no one spoke. Then with a quick, impulsive movement, all her own, the young wife sped across the room, to kneel with uplifted face at her husband's feet. It was a favorite attitude with her when she wanted petting, but now as she crossed her hands upon his knee, and raised her white face, there was no thought of childish coaxing in her mind. The sting of his words had gone straight as an arrow to rouse the woman in her

'Wilfred,' she said, her stiff, pallid lips almost refusing to form the word. Did you say I had beggared you?

'No, darling, no! my own folly! my own blindness, that would not trust your love! Maude, darling, you are

blameless. 'Tell me all,' she insisted. 'While I have been wasting money in a thousand useless follies, have you been staring ruin in the face? Oh, Wilfred, it

seems like dancing over your grave! 'Hush, Maude, you shall not talk so I tell you it is my fault, mine only.'
'But ruined, Wilfred, do you mean
that you are actually ruined?'

'In a few days I must declare my-And here let me pause a moment to self bankrupt, unless - but never

'Unless what?'

I could command a sum of money

now utterly out of my reach.'
'Wilfred, will they take the house?'
'No, the house and furniture are

'Ming! All my own? And

'All your own, too. 'I am glad of that,' she said earn

'Yes. After all my affairs are set-tled I can still take a clerkship, and keep you and the children above want.' There was a long silence, Unheed-ing her rich dress, Maude eame to her husband's arms, pillowing her head up-on his shoulder, and whispering low, lowing words of comfort excessing him loving words of comfort, caressing him with her little soft hands, and lavish-ing upon him every word in the vocab-ulary of affection; while Hattle, in her gentle, tender voice, offered her conso lation and love as freely if not with

such eager demonstrations.
It was nearly day-dawn before they left the room. At the door Maude suddenly stopped. 'Wilfred,' she said esgerly, 'you said a sum, more than you could com-

mand, would save you now. What

'If I had thirteen thousand dollars before this day week, I could go on. Of course we should have to live very economically for a long time before I could entirely recover my position, but still,I could meet present liabilities and start anew. But what's the use of discuss

ing it?

'No use at all,' said Hattle decided-ly. 'Good night.'
'No use at all,' said Maude down in her heart. 'We'll see, Miss Hattle. I am to live in this big house, with all this expensive furniture, and keep all my levels and finery and my husband. my jewels and finery, and my husband is to work himself into his grave earn-

ing a salary to keep it all up.'

The next day, with a grave face, yet in his heart the warm appreciation of his wife's repentant love, Wilfred Far-quar went to his counting-house, while Maude, to Hattie's infinite astonishment, left Willie, still fretful and ailing, for a morning drive. She was gone several hours, and finally she came in radiant with beauty and in high spirits. Day after day these long morning drives were taken, Willie recovering by Hattie's care, and Wilfred finding every evening a chatty, cheery little wife in a quiet home dress, waitng for him.

The fateful week was drawing to a close. One day only remained, when evening found the trio again assembled round the sitting-room fire. Maude's face was full of tender love, as she knelt in her old caressing way at her husband's feet.

'Wilfred, darling,' she said, laying her cheek against his hand, 'I am going to move to-morrow.'

'Yes! Brother John has rented me one of his little houses in L street. They are new and very comfortable, quite large enough for our small famly. Sister Sarah has helped me select pretty low priced furniture, and found me a good girl. I have sold this house, furnished, and all my jewels, and there are fifteen thousand dollars in the bank. Let me cry! for she was sobbing in the fullness of her joy. Oh, Wilfred, I will be a better wife and mother! Hattie will teach me and help me, and you will be as indulgent over my new blunders as over my old follies, will you not? She was laugh-

ng again now. 'My little wife,' he said, in low, full tones, 'whose heart I never knew! No more a child, a plaything, but a woman, to trust as well as love. Oh, Maude, by the new bond between us, for the new love and trust I can be thankful now for the Impending Ruin.'

Time,

A tall, stout looking woman, with a poodle under one arm and a bandbox cially at a theatre. on the other, stood in Sixth-ave. engaged in a seemingly interesting conversation with a friend. Happening who is a martyr to sick headaches. to remember that she ought to take a FARRAND, WILLIAMS & CO., Wholesale passing car up town, she molecular age's, Detroit, Mich.

this summer," she said as the car will de ed up. "We have been at Newport and Saratoga the entire season, and

such nice people we have met."
"Come, madam," said the conductor, as he stood with his hand upon the bell

strap awaiting her arrival. "Yes, in a minute," said the woman as she hugged the poodle closer to her side and took a firmer grasp upon the box. "As I was saying, we met some splerdid people. There were the Browns, and Van Duzens and the Smiths. We had lawn tenis and tea parties most every night, and husband, poor thing, used to come and stay with us every-driver, driver, why don't you wait?" she exclaimed, as she start-

ed on a run after the retreating car.
"Think we're a runnin' this 'ere car on the instalment plan and make only one trip in a hundred years?" said the

conductor as the car moved away.
"Well, I never saw such a mean man in all my life," exclaimed the woman as soon as she had recovered her breath. "He wouldn't even wait five seconds for me to finish my conversation. I know what I'll do," she said as she stamped her foot. "I will go right straight to the company's office and have that man discharged."

A leading English paper gives the following statistics concerning the im-portations of live stock in England: From the United States there were improm the United States there were imported, in 1881, to the ports of Barrow-in-Furness, Bristol, Cardiff, Glasgow, Hartlepool, Hull, Liverpool, London and South Shields, 473 cargoes of animals, consisting of 103,692 cattle, 49,-222 cattle, 40,-222 cattle, 40,-222 cattle, 40,-222 cattle 223 sheep and 10 swine were landed dead, and 110 cattle, 99 sheep and 13 swine were so much injured that it was necessary to slaughter them immediately on landing; 3387 cattle, 947 sheep and 221 swine were thrown overhoad. and 221 swine were thrown overboard

during the voyage.

Fancy colored ribbon hatbands for home for a living, then an offer being yours, settled upon you when we were the rich-papa young men are now very made to the young man, of a situation married. No one can touch them.'

A lady at Saratoga has created a sensation by appearing with a bird of Paradise mounted on her sunshade.

Censure is the tax a man pays to the public for being eminent.—Swift.

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I envy none that know more than myself but pity them that know less

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hardly move, she had such dragging pains. We
often saw your "Favorite Prescription" advertiesd, but supposed like most patent medicines
it did not amount to anything, but at last concluded to try a bottle, which she did. It made
her sick at first, but it began to show his effects
in a marked improvement, and two bottles cured her. Yours, etc., A. J. HUYCK, Deposit,
N. Y.

With a good conscience, and honest thought I can pity the man of money.

Dr. Pierce's "Pelisis," or sugar-coated gran-nies—the original "little liver pille," (beways of imitations)—cure sick and bilious headache, cleanse the atomach and bowels, and purify the blood. To get genuine, see Dr. Pierce's signature and p-rtrait on Government stamp. 25 cents per vial, by druggists.

Trust that man in nothing who has not a conscience in everything.—Sterne.

Joseph Durrinlurger, Broadway, Buffalo, wes induced by his brother to try Thomas' ECLEC TRIC OIL for a sprained unkie; and with haif a dozen applications he was enabled to walk round again all right.

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Fight the bad thoughts that seek entrance to the mind—they are more than a thousand

WHAT WE DO NOT LIKE TO SEE. A man who knows so much you cannot tell

him anything. A yellow saffron-colored skin, when Burdock Blood Bitters is guaranteed to restore the com

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A man in the street car who sits and walt for some other fellow to get up and give a lads

A person who is always complaining of bil ious attacks and sick headaches when the trouble can so easily be cured by using Burdock Blood Bitters.

A nimicy primicy lab-di dah-di cigarette smoking specimen of Miss Nancy, who paris his hair in the centre and tries to pass for a pice young man.

A person that we like, but whom we would like much better if he did not come so close on account of his disagreeable four breath, and who A person who will succeed in proving to every lady in the land they look perfectly hideous in head gear of huge proportions, espe-

The man who reads this, and who fails to prescribe Burdock Blood Bitters to his wife

the driver to stop.

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